Per. May see the sea hath cast vpon your coast.

2. What a drunken knaue was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde.
In that vaste tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pitty him:
He askes of you, that neuer vsde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Greece.*
Gets more with begging then we can do with working

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I neuer prac̃tiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure; for heere's nothing to be got now-adaies vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I haue bene, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on.
A man throngd vp with cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may suffice
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. Die ke- tha, now gods forbid, I haue a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now a fore me a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l haue flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-iacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you my friend, You said you could no: beg.

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue? then Ile turne crauer too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle. But Master Ile go draw the net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles.*
And our, King, the good *Symonides.*

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserues so to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernment.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from
His Subiects, the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marry sir, halfe a daies iourney: and Ile tell you, hee hath a faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day; and there are Pirnces and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iust & Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's fish hangs in the Net, like a poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bor: on't, tis come at last, and tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me see it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou giuest me some what to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne, part of my heritage
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this strict charge, euen as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Prayse:
For that it saued me, keepe it in like necessity:
The Which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept Where I kept, I so dearely loued it.
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath giuen't againe:
I thanke thee for t, my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I haue here my fathers gift in's will.